THE REV. HIRAM W. KELLOGG PREACHES SERMON FOR BOYS.

Play the Game Well, He Says, Play It Fair and Square with a Never-Say-Die Spirit.

A sermon, interesting to boys and prepared especially for them, was delivered by the Rev. Hiram W. Kellogg, pastor of the Central-avenue M. E. Church, yesterday morning. The sermon was on the national game of baseball, the text being taken from yourself into the struggle, boys, as if you obtain." Dr. Kellogg said in part:

sports of his day, and they were numerous. sound mind in a sound body." This led to the cultivation of physical strength. Paul had been a witness to these sports, if not taking an active part in them. I am of the opinion that he had been more than a spectator. He was too live a man not to have been in the game when a boy. He made many references to the games, and makes life a great game on a larger scale. "We are especially fortunate in having so good and pure a national game as baseball. I believe we excel the world in this respect. I have seen the young men of other nations playing their favorite games,

but they do not offer so much skill, courage, training and wholesome spirit as our own baseball. This is my apology for bringing to you a game of ball and letting you see it in the pulpit. I hope the lessons we learn may follow us through life. First of all, I want you boys to get into the game. Be right where the struggle is going on. You have the privilege of being

spectators, but if there is real stuff in you you would rather be in the mud knee deep and receive bruises and sprains than to occupy the softest seat in the boxes or shouting among the bleachers. I have little reby playing. It is easier to play the game sity of Antagonisms." He said: complain. Many a fellow can play a good game, as he thinks, when in the seats, that would be a ridiculous failure on the field. But it is the glory of life to be really in it. Remember that it is a select few who are called to the struggle. 'Many may be called, but few are chosen.' So let us cheer ourselves in life, that if the struggle is particularly hard it is a reason for particular praise. Thousands are in the galleries, but portion of life's field? I fear it is. Whatever else you do get ready for a great game and go in to win.

"Second, prepare to play well. Trim for the best work. Have one purpose, to play well and the clothing in which you appear will be selected by the natural law of the exclusion of all that is unnecessary. It is a pity to see art dictating the preparation of life when earnestness should do so. See garb that has not been patterned in Paris but has grown up with the struggle of the

PLAY THE GAME WELL.

field. So be earnest and determined and the instruments you use will be well chosen. contest and the best in you will often be drawn on. If only once you are called to do your best, that rare time may be the only time you have a chance to win, and a failure then is disgrace. Reserve force is well to have.

"Fourth, reckon with antagonists. The game is not all on one side, and that on is not to have everything his own way. There are those who are as determined that better we would get along. Indeed, games, severe games, are good discipline for life. Football cannot only be justified on this ground, but even praised. But football is no game for weak characters. To such it becomes a pugilistic contest and a disgrace. It takes great, manly men to be equal to this sport and all others should be ruled out. If men are strong in spirit as well as in body they should be allowed to play it, and it will do them good. It will make them the more manly. Last year when Rockwell won the game for Yale against Harvard, a mere freshman, the boys wanted to honor him and they carried him to the banqueting hall on their shoulders and sat him down before glasses filled with wine. Here was a contest mightier than he had engaged during the day, and there were no spectators to cheer him. But the little folow stood up before his superiors in scholarship and position and said: 'Gentlemen, I have never tasted wine and I cannot do it now. Excuse me.' And the boys applauded When his father heard of it, on the Pacific coast, he wrote me a letter saying he would rather be the father of such a boy than a millionaire. Who knows but it was this same courage that won the conflict that day. I think it was. But the game had

WATERLOO WON AT RUGBY. was won at Rugby. Football had taught the now at the head of the forces that condeliberate and masterful. He had match his opponents in an hon-

manly. The man who throws the ball will you. This is the game.

all is to score, to pass the homeplate. I think that this has been mis- ists have indirectly stimulated the totterunderstood sometimes. I used to think life | ing church in past ages. Her languid or meant 'Any way of getting into heaven.' torpid energies have been summoned to But I have seen many a man run to home and be counted out because he had not | Examine the libraries and there the monurun according to rule. You have to run in | mental works of thinkers and seers-Paul, the line all around the diamond. You can't Augustine, Jerome, Calvin, Wesley, Jonaskip bases and bring in a tally. So, now, than Edwards, Pascal, Fiske-have been skip bases and bring in a tally. So, now, than Edwards, Pascal, Fiske-have been girl. "You are telling me a story of my men are thinking that to win life's course struck off from the anvil of opposition. But own that I told you only half an hour is more than to just end it well. It means a hammer is just as necessary as the ago. much more than that. It means a com-pleted course according to rule. An abun-dant life all around. The getting over the threshold of heaven will be sure if you threshold of heaven will be sure if you ture impression that the church had mown a seat there.

"And then so much depends on getting off well from home. Most men die on the start-are 'fanned out.' Few get to first, fewer to third. The terrible work is at the tion and hostility and even catastrophe. start. Let a boy get a good start and the chances are in his favor. Look well to that. Here all opposition will make its fight. Win at the first and you may win all world, a cosmos compact within a single around. If you die here all is gone.

So then with these suggestions let us have a real game. The contest has been of the immortal part unless it be put in the severe. The sides are nearly equal. The crucible of trial and its alloy of earthliopposition has the lead by one score. The last half of the last inning is here. A young man comes to the bat. It is the last chance. Victory or defeat is resting a lurid and tigerish diety, prowling for on him. He seems to feel it. Look at blood and explained sorrow and wreckages Will he do his best and will he timate by? Are the people confident? from the bow of tyrannical wrath. The Yes, there arises a shout. They recall He has been a good batter and some how they all are saying he will make it. How it helps a man to have a good record and the confidence of the peo-ple. It is great capital when he needs it most. What a fine specimen he is. Erect, calm, intelligent. What a nerve! The applause does not move him and the hisses gloomy canopy over the drooping earth and jeers do not rattle him. He is as for a few days. Everywhere there has been calm, and his judgment as poised as if he were talking to his mother at home. What home there has deen mony that nature requires the genial suna test it must be! Is he equal to it? Eyery one thinks so. The ball comes at him with a vengeance. He strikes, but misses. Then the jeers. But he has another chance. One failure is not final. Another ball, how it curves and deceives him. He hits it, to foul. Two strikes are called, One more chance, old fellow. Is he becoming excited? Not at all; cooler than ever he raises his bat for the last timea wretched ball, but he brings his whole strength upon his bat. The ball rises, passes over second and short of the fielder and he makes first. A good start, but only a start. Now comes a trying time, He is helpless and dependent on another. How much of life's success depends on the other fellow?

"I believe we realize this more the older every one of us to the success of someone takes the bat is about sure to fail when ost needed. He is excited, and unreliable. our man on first begins to measure himself for his own attempt to steal a base, dan-gerous work, but he must do something. He watches his chances and moves to sec-nd. Another is at the bat and he strikes home, where he belongs. A far country

BASEBALL VERY LIKE LIFE the ball, good fellow, and lets the leader to third. When a man is on third he must have great longings to make home. But purity. he must run according to rule. Now is a chance to win the day. Another comes to the bat. How many different ones figure in the game and we are dependent on every one. Cheer after cheer shakes the air, and all is getting intensely exciting. Will this new man fall? Will he keep cool and act rightly? You need wait only a moment. The ball comes, he takes no chances. He waits for his time, it is here, and he strikes the ball a terrible blow; away it flys to the outer field, beyond the reach of the fielder. Two men gain the plate and the game is won only by a hair's breadth; covered with dust, the last man slid over the plate. What a cheer rises from the people. What has won it? Preparation, clear-headedness, nerve force, determination, purpose, co-operation, helpfulness, cheer of the spectators, which we call inspiration, and work. These are the qualities that win any game, great or small. I need not tell you that for the game of life God is helping and faith in the immortal prize is the stimulating power that you must have. Throw I Corinthians, ix, 24: "So run that ye may | meant it, and be not spectators, but winners, and when you cross the home plate and hear the welcome from Christ, who "St. Paul was interested in the athletic played well His part when here, you will be honored with the reception, 'Well done, The Greek formula for a man was "A good and faithful servant, I will promote you to higher things.' And the angels will clap their hands and cheer. You have won

A BAD GOD UNTHINKABLE

the game.'

HISTORY IS NOT A ROMAN ARENA FOR DIVINE AMUSEMENT.

The Rev. J. Cumming Smith Arrive at Some Interesting Conclusions in a Scholarly Sermon.

At the Tabernacle yesterday morning the Rev. J. Cumming Smith preached a scholarspect for the man who never helps the play ly and philosophical sermon on "The Neces-

"The apostle speaks of the kingdom of God not only set down in a sphere where blood into the valley. Mother's name is a storms may smite and deflower her, but of magic word. We think of her, and meming the kingdom and demonstrating its inherent and indestructible element of power. All perpetuity depends on intrinsic worth. Nothing can survive the strain of existence unless it ought to survive. All life is judg- | we are asleep; then we feel warm lips upon ment and the Judgment day is but a cli-

one of some disturbing volcanic force and | it was only, perhaps, a pair of mittens, the other of fire. Both mean the same, or big, bright woolen scarfs, but her pa-Everything must stand fire, and even God | tient fingers did it all. We did not think desires to submit himself to the same severe surgical process in order to establish her life was one long sacrifice of blood; His claims to our confidence.

So far for the general law which finds utterance in thunder tones through all scripture and is answered with solemn reverberations through all nature. The unique contribution of the passage is the certainty of a divine motive behind the long ordeal. God is love. Whatever He ordains, however ruthless or terror-inspiring it may be in its immediate effect, must emanate from His absolute benevolence. He cannot torture. He cannot make history a Roman arena for angels to gaze with enthralling interest upon its gory spectacle. He cannot "Third, prepare well. You are going into | institute pain from any malicious or vindictive desire.

A BAD GOD UNTHINKABLE.

These suppositions would not only blacken His name, but abolish His existence. A bad God is unthinkable. Rain when in all its forms must have a beneficent intent. | what wonderful years followed that exyour side. I pity more and more the man Its purpose is to filtrate or fumigate affairs. who has not learned early in life that he And this applies all along the line and reaches out into the abyssmal futures; but you shall not win as you are to win. If let us not excursion into the mystical more of this were in real life how much | depths of the wilderness where no paths are blazed when we may have enough to drops of blood. Then there is a great perregale our vision and fan our powers by reshines in its plentitude. Some men of vagaries appear to think that the world is ness in deep waters than to play and paddle solved and perhaps worn out and wander afar for problems to entertain their minds. If ever there was anything that has shadowy suggestions, that has lost the secret | Pentecost in one generation than to smoulof itself and requires to discover its genius and purpose, if ever there was anything problem grows more and more complicated crownless destiny. Generally, however, the with every year's accretion of knowledge. true disciples of the Master come down to heads. The occult meaning of the long war of classes and climes remains sealed. Why then worry over the remote and unfathomable aeons of the future when our resent system is in throe and travail? the divine relationship of life; but nothing can be more of a chaos or jumble of around him, he stands calm, serene and madness than theology when it oversteps strong, with the light of God forever on the limits of facts of human development | his head and the stillness of God forever in -nothing except perhaps the interminable his heart." tangle of our local politics!

SILENCES OF THE BIBLE. "The silences of the Bible on issues that stretch far beyond the orbit of our presshould a merchant struggling to organize his business feel bound to shoulder the entire responsibility of alleviating Africa? Are not difficulties pressing close enough to compel him to concentrate nearer home? Moreover, is eternity so tame and shallow

an affair as to open its virgin bosom to every prying newcomer? "The apostle compels the church to go not throw it to please you. He will do just through the gymnasium, to keep up the last night on the topic, "The Rainbow of militant and victorious spirit. This can be God's Service." His subject at the morning down, and every fellow you meet is against | attained only by an army constantly encampel around her walls and besieging "A word or two about the game. The her citadels. Hence the ministry of all opponents of her vital, virile message. Ath martial prowess by schisms and heresies. In the party laughed. peace forever. However it may be in other parts of our universe, the divine constitution of this star floating through the immeasurable spaces is progress by stimula-

> A MINIATURE WORLD. "The individual is simply a miniature skin. There has, there can be no upbuilding ness crushed out. All punishment comes under this category. Mediaevals conceived and disease as the piercing arrows driven Bible shattered this pagan creed of brutal-

ism. God is love. His controlling passion

is reconciliation; He cannot rest on His

lofty throne as long as one rebel heart remains defiant. "I have seen on a summer morning the havoc the sun makes of the ashey leaden clouds; perhaps they have stretched their thick; all last night they massed up and shut out the faint light of stars. Then rose the sun. Then came passing and billowy conflict in the clouds. They tried to hold their ground in obstinate battle, but there was a new penetrating power that was putting them to flight; a little blue spot over there; it closed up soon, but another spot of the blue came and spread out, and

in an hour or two scarce a shred of mist lay along the sky. "The doctrine of God's love is the overwhelming doctrine of the gospel. It may be woefully misused by men who continue in life under the false hope that a god of love cannot be a god of wrath. Such men will find to their unutterable grief that the evolution of the world carries its catawe grow. The failure of some man to clysms, its bitter insolvencies and agonies measure up, defeats many a good man and and piercing terrors. Every violation of brings to naught a splendid effort. How law carries a revolver in its pocket. The dependent we are, and how necessary is message of infinite mercy cannot insult our intelligence by crowding out of history the else. If we act well our part we can make | fierce ingredient of retribution, He that sure not our own success alone, but that sins must pay the price. If God could have of others. Society is so organized that it revoked that law Jesus might have avoided has no place for a failure. So be careful His Calvary. A man must repent or he that you do your part. But the fellow that prevents the inflow of the divine grace. These truths are fixed as mountain oaks. no matter how the hysterical theories of ols may dance to wild tunes. Never-

has always scoffers and swine to shame vagrant sons back to their original

FAULT WITH THE PEOPLE.

"Nor can we close without reminding you that a city may allow itself to descend into the condition of mismanagement and blushless indecency and broken pledges. The fault lies in the last analysis with the people. If our civic conscience is drugged with specious opiates, if we care not whether saloons triumph and winercoms allure the innocence of youth, if we are slaves to a party when the principles of a party no more touch the question of our local management than the malarial swamps of India or Siam affect the question of the cleanliness of our streets and backyards, if our people are indifferent about these things then they must be prepared for still more mismanagement and penalty to visit our borders.

"Sow corn and you will without fail have the cawing crows in your fields. Our city will simply court slavery to ring rule and clique.sm like Pittsburg or Cincinnati uning conscience to the tragedy of the situation. We dictate no politics: the church is citizens, therefore, to use a little common sense and Christian ambition at the polls bine for the worst elements have already consolidated their forces to carry the city.

VISITING PASTOR.

Rev. J. S. Hoagland, of Greencastle, at the Broadway Methodist.

The Rev. J. S. Hoagland, of the Collegeavenue Methodist Episcopal Church, Greencastle, preached in the Broadway M. E. Church of this city yesterday, both morning and evening, the pastor, Mr. Tippy, occupying the College-avenue Church pulpit in Greencastle. The theme of Mr. Hoagland's morning sermon was "The Gethsemane experience essential to our best service for others and to our own personal development." He said, in part:

"There is a little valley near my boyhood home in the hills of perennial richness. The crops never fail. The deep clover, fresh and fragrant, fills the air with sweetness; but the price of the abundant life below is the barrenness of the mountains above and about. These pour their life's storms as playing a gracious part in prov- ories flood in upon us, memories of loving service, solicitude and sacrifice. We think on, and our eyes get moist and our hearts tender, for we hear again her gentle footfalls, and the door opens quietly; she thinks our foreheads and hear over again the whispered prayer, 'God bless my boys and much about it then, but now we know that that is why the name is a sacred one in every language and clime. "The man who paid the full penalty of

calamity was the one who gave himself to be worn by weary marches, to be wasted in wretched prison pens, to be weakened by wounds, to be riddled by bullet, bayonet and bursting shell. Stump speeches and paper plans of campaign can never be substituted for the sacrifice of blood. The world will never get the best service until Christian men and women have gone with Christ through the Gethsemane experience and are ready for Calvary. I say 'ready for Calvary,' for it is the living death, I take it, that God and the world want of us. Paul, the greatest servant the world has ever seen since the Lord's day, had his Gethsemane experience in the blind and bloody agony in the house of Judas, in the street called Straight in Damascus. Oh, perience! Years of blood, years of blessing! No life yields its full fruitage for God, or comes at last rejoicing bringing in the sheaves, or receives the King's welcome, 'Well done, good and faithful serv-ant,' that has not gone down through its Gethsemane and shed, as it were, great sonal growth and blessing that comes also. Sometimes you will hear it said that Gethsemane people die early. But it would be better to make a short voyage and do busiup and down the shores of time for three score years and ten and never get down to ousiness. Better burn out with the fires of der at a poor dying rate for three. Better bleed and bloom and win an early crown snarled and entangled, it is this world. The than to be carried on flowery beds to a Human beings are enigmas, half God and their graves in a full age, like as a shock half brute. Civic issues baffle shrewdest of corn cometh in at its season. Out of the physical Gethsemane of a continent Mount Blanc was projected to heights sublime, so shining, while about its breast and base the thunders roll and the lightnings flash, and Nothing is sublimer than the science of out of the Gethsemane of the soul the pertheology and the courageous inquiry into | fect man is projected to heights so grand that, although sin and death and hell rage

Rev. Harry Blunt Accepts.

Rev. Harry Blunt, pastor of Old Orchard accepted the call to Plymouth Congregational Church, this city. He has already been heard here and will begin his pastorate on Nov. 1, when the new church is

Home Presbyterian Church. The Rev. Arthur Leon Duncan, pastor of the Home Presbyterian Church, of North Indianapolis, preached to a large audience service was "Giving."

One of Her Own.

Philadelphia Ledger Chauncey M. Depew was recently telling He stopped with a frown.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "It is one of the last stages," said the "You are telling me a story of my

The Blue Juniata-Old Song.

Wild roved an Indian girl, Bright Alfarata, Where sweep the waters Of the blue Juniata. Swift as an antelope,

Loose were her jetty locks, In waving tresses flowing. Gay was the mountain song Of bright Alfarata, Where sweep the waters Of the blue Juniata. Strong and true my arrows are
In my painted quiver;
Swift goes my light canoe
Adown the rapid river.

Through the forest going,

Bold is my warrior good, The love of Alfarata; Proud waves his snowy plume Along the Juniata.

Soft and low he speaks to me, And then, his war cry sounding, Rings his voice in thunder loud, From height to height resounding.

So sang the Indian girl, Bright Alfarata. Where sweep the waters Of the blue Juniata. Fleeting years have borne away The voice of Alfarata: Still sweeps the river on-Blue Juniata.



STRENUOUS METHODS. Fond Parent-Explain your system of ed-

Teacher-I teach three branches. Fond Parent-What are they? Teacher-Hickory, oak and ash.

SPENDERS A TALE OF THE THIRD GENERA

By Harry Leon Wilson

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bapter XXIII is repeated for benefit of readers who do not receive the Sunday Journal.] way she had achieved a reputation for prod-

children in ways of their own.

ridge's, in Eighty-sixth street, and the

pavements were so sleety the horses couldn't

stand, so Colonel Balldridge brought us

home in the elevated, about 11 o'clock. Well,

at one of the stations a big policeman got

on with a little baby all wrapped up in red

flannel. He'd found it in an area-way, near-

ly covered with snow-where some one had

headquarters, he said. Well, ma went crazy

right away. She made him undo it, and

then she insisted on holding it all the way

colonel to give to the policeman to get it

charity workers and says she won't leave

gan would hardly play at all, and just one

ganization that the woman had pawned the

new organ for twenty dollars and was still

playing on the old one. She didn't want a

new one because it was too cheerful; it

didn't make people sad when they heard

it, like her old one did. And yesterday ma

"A what?" asked her brother, in amaze

"You don't mean it? One of those lads

that stand out in front and peer under their

hands to see what palefaces are moving

into the house across the street? Say, ma,

what you going to do with him? There isn't

"I didn't buy him for myself," replied

Mrs. Bines, with dignity; "I wouldn't want

"She bought it," explained his sister, "for

ong. The bad boys whittle him and throw

him down, and the people going along the

"Well, have your own way," said her son

"I think," said Psyche, "I'd like Newport

"Maybe," began Mrs. Bines, "if you'd of-

er, "not if you suggest it in the right way-

put it on the ground that you'll be quite

helpless without her, and that she'd oblige you world without end and all that. The

more I see of people here the more I think they're quite reasonable in little matters

like that. They look at them in the right light. Just lead up to it delicately with

It appeared that Percival had been right

cannot at all comprehend. You see we old

omize gracefully there-not even one of us.

a sweet-but it's madness to think of it."

chance to say a word; and she was anxious

Perce shouldn't know, because she says he's

so cynical about New York people since that Milbrey girl made such a set for him; and

summer. To-morrow early we start out for

So it came that the three members of the Bines family pursued during the summer

conditions most satisfactory to each.

their respective careers of diversion under

The steam yacht Viluca, chartered by Percival, was put into commission early in

"Why, my son, I never-"

other things.'

New York at all this summer."

around its little nose-

bought an Indian-"

such an object.

"An Indian-a tobacco sign."

much room here, you know.

eft it, and he was taking it down to police

CHAPTER XXIII. THE SUMMER CAMPAIGN IS PLANNED.

Winter waned and spring charmed the land into blossom. The city-pent, as have intimated, must take this season largely on faith. If one can find a patch of ground naked of stone or asphalt one may less the present corruption rouse its sleep- | feel the heart of the earth beat. But even now the shop-windows are more inspiring. set to proclaim righteousness. We urge At least they copy the outer show. Tenderhued shirtwaists first push up their sprouts in this crisis. Let the better classes com- of arms through the winter furs and woolens, quite as the first violets out in the woodland thrust themselves up through the brown carpet of leaves. Then every window becomes a summery glade of lawn, tulle and chiffon, more lavish of tints, shades and combinations, indeed, than ever | would have let her. She made him promise nature dared to be.

Outside, where the unspoiled earth begins, the blossoms are clouding the trees with a mist of pink and white, and the city dweller knows it from the bloom and foliage of

these same windows. Then it is that the spring "get away" urge is felt by each prisoner, by those able to obey it, and by those, alike, who must wear it down in the groomed and sophisticated wildness of the city parks. On a morning late in May Mrs. Bines and

her daughter were at breakfast. "Isn't Percival coming?" asked his mother. "Everything will be cold."

"Can't say," Psyche answered. "I don't even know if he came in last night. But don't worry about cold things. You can't little baby with big blue eyes, and its foreget them too cold for Perce at breakfast, nowadays. He takes a lot of icewater and a little something out of the decanter, and lentless daughter broke in. "She gets begmaybe some black coffee."

"Yes, and I'm sure it's bad for him. He Charities Organization, who had heard he quit eating breakfast. He used to be such a hearty eater at breakfast, steaks and bacon and chops and eggs and waffles. It was a sight to see him eat; and since he's quit taking anything but that cold stuff he's lost his color and his eyes don't look right. I know what he's got hold of-it's that 'no devotion to his country in the day of her breakfast' fad. I heard about it from Mrs. Baldridge when we came here last fall. I never did believe in it, either." The object of her solicitude entered in

dressing gown and slippers. "I'm just telling Psyche that this nobreakfast fad is hurting your health, my son. Now do come and eat like you used to. You began to look bad as soon as you left off your breakfast. It's a sifly fad, that's

what it is. You can't tell me!' The young man stared at his mother until he had mastered her meaning. Then he put both hands to his head and turned to the sideboard as if to conceal his emotion. "That's it," he said, as he busied himself with a tall glass and the cracked ice. "It's that 'no-breakfast' fad. I didn't think you knew about it. The fact is," he continued, pouring out a measure of brandy, and directing the butler to open a bottle of soda, "we all eat too much. After a night of sound sleep we awaken refreshed and buoyant, all our forces replenished; thirsty, of course, but not hungry"-he sat down to the table and placed both hands again to his head-"and we have no need of food. Yet such is the force of custom that we deaden ourselves for the day by tanking up on coarse, loathsome stuff like bacon. Ugh! Any one would think, the way you two eat so early in the day, that you were a couple of cavedwellers-the kind that always loaded up when they had a chance, because it might be a week before they got another." He drained his glass and brightened vis-

"Now, why not be reasonable?" he continued, pleadingly. You know there is plenty of food. I have observed it being brought into town in huge wagon-loads in the early morning on many occasions. Why do you going to starve you. Why stupefy yourselves Congregational Church, of St. Louis, has when, by a little nervy self-denial, you can remain as fresh and bright and clearheaded as I am at this moment? Why doesn't a fire make its own escape, Mrs. Carstep-Jamwuddle?"

"I don't believe you feel right, either. I just know you've got an awful headache

"Don't, I beg of you, Lady Ashmorton! The suggestion is extremely repugnant to me. Besides. I'm behaving this way because I arose with the purely humorous fancy that my head was a fine large accordion, and I'm sportively pretending that I can press it back into shape. Now you and sis never get back into shape. Now you are shaped into shape up with any such light poetic notion as that. You know you don't-don't attempt to | to give it tone." deceive me." He glanced over the table with wift disapproval.

"Strawberries, oatmeal, rolls, steak three entirely rational. She was reluctant, at first, of the country." swift disapproval.

It is true. inches thick, bacon, omelette-oh, that I should live to see this day! It's disgraceful! And at your age-before your own innocent woman-child, and leading her into the same excesses. Do you know what that breakfast is? No; I'll tell you. That breakfast is No. here by right of birth; and even when we me, though we later removed to New Oris? No; I'll tell you. That breakfast is No. here by right of birth; and even when we me, though we later removed to New Or78 in that book of Mrs. Rorer's, and she ex- are forced to practice little economies in leans." Mrs. Wybert called it "New Awpressly warns everybody that it can be dress and household management it doesn't leens." eaten safely only by steeple-climbers, planocount against us-so long as we stay here. movers and sea captains. Really, Mrs. Wrangleberry, I blush for you."

"I don't care how you go on. You ain't looked well for months." "I don't care how you go on. You ain't looked well for months."

"But think of my great big heart—a heart like an ox"—he seemed on the verge of tears—"and to think that you, a woman I pels one to be as lavish as those flamboy—

"I don't care how you go on. You ain't looked well for months."

There are quiet and very decent places for those of us that must. But at Newport one must not fall behind in display. A sense of loyalty to the others, a noblesse oblige, complete you can meet them. Bones—was it not?"

"No, Bines; they'll be here presently, and you can meet them, anyway."

"Is there an old fellow—a queer old charhave never treated with anything but re-spect since we met in Honduras in the fall want them to report, you know, that such "No, only a son of '93-to think you should throw it up to my | and such families of our smart set are fall- | mother." own face that I'm not beautiful. Others ing behind for lack of means. So, while we there are, thank God, who can look into a man's heart and prize him for what he is— where there is only us in a position to obnet outselves, there is a sort of tacit stood that you Knickerbockers were so not condemn him for his mere superficial serve ourselves, there is a sort of tacit stood that you Knickerbockers were so and the sum of the real stock are chummy enough here, where there is only us in a position to observe ourselves, there is a sort of tacit stood that you Knickerbockers were so blemishes.' "And I just know you've got in with a

fast set, I met Mr. Milbrey yesterday in the "Did he tell you how to make a lovely asparagus shortcake or something?" "He told me those men you go with so much are dreadful gamblers, and that when you all went to Palm Beach last February you played poker for money night and day, and you told me you went for your health." "Oh, he did, did he? Well, I didn't get anything else. He's a dear old soul, if you've got the copper handy. If that man was a woman he'd be a warm neighborhood gessip. He'd be the nice kind old lady that

"And I had," reported Psyche to her mother that night, "such a time getting her to agree. At first she wouldn't listen at all. starts things, that's what Hoddy Milbrey "And you said yourself you played poker most of the time when you went to Afken on the car last month." "To be honest with you, ma, we did play poker. Say, they took it off of me so fast I could feel myself catching cold." "There, you see-and you really ought to

wear one of those chamois-skin protectors

in this damp climate." "Well, we'll see. If I can find one that an ace-full won't go through I'll snatch it so at last she called me a dear and consented, quick the man'll think he's being robbed. though she'd been looking forward to a quiet Now I'll join you ladies to the extent of some coffee, and then I want to know what | the shops. you two would rather do this summer than." "Of course," said Psyche, "no one stays in town in summer. "Exactly. And I've chartered a steam

yacht as big as this hotel-all but- But

what I want to know is whether you two

care to bunk on it or whether you'd rather stay quietly at some place. Newport perhaps, and maybe take a cruise with me now and then."

June. Her first cruise of ten days was a signal triumph. His eight guests were the men with whom he had played poker so tirelessly during the winter. Perhaps the most illumi-"Oh, that would be good fun. But here's ma getting so I can't do a thing with ker, on account of all those beggars and horrid people down in the slums."

Mrs. Bines looked guilty and feebly deprecating. It was quite true that in her own in the same of the winter. Fernaps the most fluminating log of that cruise may be found in the same of the chicago—Highee's invited for another early in July.

"Why, there's the Chicago—Highee's invited for another early in July.

"Much obliged, old man, but I haven't touched a drop now in three weeks. My doctor and Mauburn, came on deck.

"Why, there's the Chicago—Highee's invited for another early in July.

"That's the boat," said Mauburn, "that's been piling the white water up in front of the lawse-hole, Ferdival, nating log of that cruise may be found in the lawse-hole, Ferdival, nating log of that cruise may be found in the lawse-hole, Ferdival, nating log of that cruise may be found in the lawse-hole, Ferdival, nating log of that cruise may be found in the lawse-hole, Ferdival, nating log of that cruise may be found in the lawse-hole, Ferdival, nating log of that cruise may be found in the lawse-hole, Ferdival, nating log of that cruise may be found in the lawse-hole, Ferdival, nating log of that cruise may be found in the lawse-hole, Ferdival, nating log of that cruise may be found in the lawse-hole, Ferdival, nating log of that cruise may be found in the lawse-hole, Ferdival, nating log of that cruise may be found in the lawse-hole, legical the lawse-hole, log of that cruise may be found in the lawse-hole, legical the lawse-hole, log of that cruise may be found in the lawse-hole, legical the la

CHAPTER XXIV. THE SIGHT OF A NEW BEAUTY, AND

SOME ADVICE FROM HIGBEE. From the landing on a still morning in late July, Mrs. Drelmer surveyed the fleet of sailing and steam yachts at anchor in Newport harbor. She was beautifully and expensively gowned in nun's gray chiffon; her toque was of chiffen and lace, and she held a pale gray parasol, its ivory handle studded with sapphires. She fixed a glass igality not inferior to that acquired by her upon one of the white, sharp-nosed steam yachts that rode in the distance near Goat "You know it's so, ma," the daughter went on, accusingly. "One night last winter when you were away we dined at Ball-

months and I mean to stick by him. Aw-

fully kind of you, though!

"Can you tell me if that's the Viluca?" she asked a sailor landing from a dinghy, 'that beat just astern of the big schooner?" "No, ma'am; that's the Alta, Commodore Weckford."

"Looking for some one?" inquired a voice, and she turned to greet Fred Milbrey de-

scending the steps. "Oh! Good morning! yes; but they've not come in, evidently. It's the Viluca-Mr. down to Thirty-third street. One man said it might be President of the United States, Bines, you know; he's bringing his sister

some day; and Colonel Balldridge said, 'Yes, back to me. And you?" it has unknown possibilities—it may even be a President's wife'—just like that. But "I'm expecting the folks on Shepler's craft, Been out two weeks now, and were to have thought ma would be demented. It was all fat and so warm and sleepy it could hardly come down from New London last night. hold its eyes open, and I believe she'd have They're not in sight either. Perhaps the gale kept it then and there if the policeman last night kept them back." to get it a bottle of warm milk the first thing, and borrowed twenty dollars of the

Mrs. Drelmer glanced above to where some one seemed to be waiting for him." "Who's your perfectly gorgeous com-

things with, and then all the way down she talked against the authorities for allowing panion? You've been so devoted to her for such things—as if they could help it—and when we got home she cried—you know you three days that you've hardly bowed to old friends. Don't you want her to know any did, ma-and you pretended it was tooth-ache-and ever since then she's been perfectly daft about babies. Why, whenever The young man laughed with an air she sees a woman going along with one she thinks the poor thing is going to leave it

great shrewdness.

some place; and now she's in with those "Come, now, Mrs. Drelmer, you're too good a friend of Mauburn's-about his mar-"I don't care," protested the guilty mothrying, I mean. You fixed him to tackle me er, "it would have frozen to death in just a little while, and it's done so often. Why, low the very first half of one game we know about, right when I was making a fine run up at the Catholic Protectory they put out down the field, too. I'm going to have better a basket at the side door, so a body can leave their baby in it and ring the bell and interference this time." run away; and they get one twice a week sometimes; and this was such a sweet, fat

"Silly! Your chances are quite as good as his there this moment." head wrinkled, and it was all puckered up "You may think so; I know better."

"And of course, in any other affair, I'd "And that isn't the worst of it," the renever think of-" ging letters by the score and gives money "P'r'aps so; but I'd rather not chance it to all sorts of people, and a man from the

just yet." were impostors-only she doesn't care. Do of hair. It's like that rich piece of ore Mr. you know, there was a poor old blind wom-Bines showed us, with copper and gold in Broadway and Twenty-third street-the or- it."

"Well, I don't mind telling you she's the wretched tune-only the woman wasn't blind widow of a Southern gentleman, Col. Brench at all we found out-and ma bought her a nice new organ that cost seventy-five dollars and had it taken up to her. Well, she

"Ah, indeed! I did notice that two-inch on the broad plazza. band of black at the bottom of her accordion-plaited petticoat. I'll wager that's a Rue de la Paix idea of mourning for one's dead husband. And she confides her grief to the world with such charming discretion. Half the New York women can't hold their skirts up as daintily as she does it. I dare say, now, her tears could be dried?-by the right comforter? Milbrey looked important.

"And I don't mind telling you the late Col. Brench Wybert left her a fortune made in Montana copper. Can't say how much, but two weeks ago she asked the governor's advice about where to put a spare million and a half in cash. Not so bad, "Oh, this new plutocracy! Where do they

an Italian woman who keeps a little tobacget it?" "How old, now, should you say she was? co shop down in Rivington street. A man Mrs. Dreimer glanced up again at the col-or-scheme of heliotrope seated in a victoria goes around to repaint them, you know, but hers was so battered that this man told her upholstered in tan brocade. t wasn't worth painting again, and she'd better get another, and the woman said she Thirty-five, I should say-about.

"Just twenty-eight." didn't know what to do because they cost twenty-five dollars and one doesn't last very "Just about what I should say-she'd say." "Come now, you women can't help it, can you? But you can't deny she's stunning?" "Indeed I can't! She's a beauty-and, street put their shoes up to tie them and good luck to you. Is that the Viluca coming step on his feet, and they scratch matches in? No; it has two stacks, and it's not your on his face, and when she goes out and people because the Lotus is black. I shall go back to the hotel. Bertie Trafford brought says that isn't right they tell her she's too fresh. And so ma gave her twenty-five dolme over on the trolley. I must find him first "But she has to support five children, and and do an errand in Thames street." At the head of the stairs they parted her husband hasn't been able to work for Milbrey joining the lady who had waited

three years, since he fell through a fire es-cape where he was sleeping one hot night," pleaded Mrs. Bines, "and I think I'd rather Hers was a person to gladden the eye. stay here this summer. Just think of all Her figure, tall and full, was of a graceful and abundant perfection of contours; her those poor babies when the weather gets hot. I never thought there were so many babies in the world." face, precisely carved and showing the faintly generous rounding of maturity, was warm in coloring, with dark eyes, well shaded and languorous; her full lips be-'If you've started out to look after all the trayed their beauty in a ready and fascinating laugh; her voice was a rich, warm contralto; and her speech bore just a hint of the soft r-less drawl of the South.

She had blazed into young Milbrey's darkbabies in New York you won't have any time left to play the races, I'll promise you "But sis here would probably rather do ness one night in the palmroom of the Hightower Hotel, escorted by a pleased and beefy youth of his acquaintance, who later -Mrs. Drelmer says I shouldn't think of told him of their meeting at the American going any place else. Only, of course, I can't go there alone. She says she would be glad embassy in Paris, and who unsuspectingly presented him. Since their meeting the young man had been her abject cavalier. to chaperon me, but her husband hasn't had a very good year in Wall street, and she's afraid she won't be able to go herself." The elder Milbrey, too, had met her at his son's suggestion. He had been as deeply impressed by her helplessness in the matter of a million and a half dollars of idle funds as she had been by his aristocratic bear-

> "Sorry to have kept you waiting. The Lotus hasn't come in sight yet. Let's loaf over to the beach and have some tall, cold ones. "Who was your elderly friend?" she asked as they were driven slowly up the old-fashioned street.

> ing and enviable position in New York so-

"Oh! that's Joe Drelmer. She's not so old Mrs. Drelmer and see. Then if she's willing | you know; not a day over forty, Joe can't to go with you, your summer will be pro-vided for; except that we shall both have to and her husband's family is one of the very look in upon Mrs. Juzzlebraggin here now oldest in New York. Awfully exclusive. that some meddler had drawn it out too far. and then to see that she doesn't overplay Down to meet friends, but they'd not shown to come off on the yacht once or twice, just | try-the Bines."

"Bines; family from Montana; decent enough sort; didn't know but you might have heard of them being from your part "Ah, I never think of that vuigar West "It's awfully dear of you to ask me, child, as 'my part of the country' at all. My part but really, I'm afraid it will be quite im- is dear old Virginia, where my father, Gen. possible. Oh!-for reasons which you, of Tulver, and his father and his father's facourse, with your endless bank account, ther all lived the lives of country gentlemen, after the family came here from Dev-

"But it was not until my husband became Now, Newport is different. One cannot econ- | interested in Montana mines that we ventured into that horrid West. So do remem-"No, only a son and daughter and the

agreement that only those shall go to New-port who are able to keep up the pace. One now. I remember hearing tales of the family need not, for one season or so, be a cottager; in Spokane. They're a type, you know. One but, for example, in the matter of dress, one must be sinfully lavish. Really, child, I could spend three months in the Engardine tablishments regardless of expense. You see them riding in their carriages with two men in the box—red-handed, grizzled old vulgarians who've roughed it in the mountafts for twenty years with a pack mule in the mountafts for twenty years with a pack mule in the laurely, about in the mountafts for twenty years with a pack mule in the laurely, about in the laurely for the price of one decent month at Newport; the parasols, gloves, fans, shoes, 'frillies'-enough to stock the Rue de la Paix, to say nothing of gowns-but why do tafhs for twenty years with a pack mule I run on? Here am I with a few little simple summer things, fit enough indeed for the quiet place we shall reach for July and August, but ab-so-lute-ly impossible for Newport—so say no more about it, dear, You're port—so say no more about it, dear, You're port—so say no more about it, dear, You're say?"

Lams for twenty years with a pack mule and a ham and a pick-ax—with their jug of whisky—and their frowsy red-faced wives decked out in impossible finery. Yes, I do recall this family. There is a daughter, you chattering with a group of women near the door, and they walked away.

Yes; Miss Psyche Bines." "Psyche; ah, yes; it's the same family. I recollect perfectly now. You know they tell the funniest tales of them out there. Her agree. At first she wouldn't listen at all.
Then, after I'd just fairly begged her, she admitted she might because she's taken and liked it, but she pronounced it 'Pishy,' and ask her what she means by precent and so the girl was called until she became old enough to go to school and learned betold enough to go to school and learned betmother found the name 'Psyche in a book, and ask her what she means by precent and so the girl was called until she became old enough to go to school and learned betmay sensitive about what people old enough to go to school and learned betmay sensitive about what people old enough to go to school and learned betmother found the name 'Psyche in a book, and ask her what she means by precent and ask her what she means and

"And there are countless tales of the mother's queer sayings. Once a gentleman whom they were visiting in San Francisco was showing her a cabinet of curios. 'Now, don't you find the Pompelian figurines exquisite? he asked her. The poor creature, after looking around her helplessly, declared that she did like them; but that she liked the Cadfornia nectarines better-they were so much juicier."

"You don't tell me; glad! that was a good one. Oh, well, she's a meek, harmless old soul, and really, my family's not the snobbish sort, you know."

In from the shining sea late that afternoon steamed the Viluca. As her chain was rattling through the hawse-hole, Percival, with his sister and Mauburn, came on deck. "Why, there's the Chicago-Higbee's



"There's Millie Higbee and old Silas, "And, as I live," exclaimed Psyche, "there's the Baron De Palliac between "Sure enough," said her brother, "We must call ma up to see him dressed in those sweet, pretty yachting fiannels. Oh, there you are!" as Mrs. Bines joined them. "Just take this glass and treat yourself to a look at your old friend, the baron. You'll notice he has one on—see—they're waving to us."
"Doesn't the baron look just too distinguished beside Mr. Higbee?" said Psyche,

watching them. "And doesn't Higbee look just too Chicago beside the baron?" replied her brother. The Higbee craft cut her way gracefully up to an anchorage near the Viluca, and launches from both yachts now prepared to land their people. At the landing Percival telephoned for a carriage. While they were waiting the Higbee party came ashore. "Hello!" said Higbee; "if I'd known that was you we was chasing I'd have put on steam and left you out of sight.' "It's much better you didn't recognize us;

"Know the baron here?" "Of course we know the baron. Ah, "Ah, ha! very charmed. Mr. Bines and Miss Bines; it is of a long time that we are not encountered.

He was radiant; they had never before seen him thus. Mrs. Higbee hovered near him with an air of proud ownership. Pretty Millie Higbee posed gracefully at her side. "This your carriage?" asked Higbee; "I must telephone for one myself. Going to the Mayson? So are we. See you again to-night. We're off for Bar Harbor early to-mor-

"Look as if there were something doing there," said Percival, as they drove off the wharf. "Of course, stupid!" said his sister "that's plain; only it isn't doing, it's already

done. Isn't it funny, ma?" "For a French person," observed Mrs. "Of course," said her son, to Mauburn's mystification, "and the noblest men on this earth have to wear 'em.

liac and Millie Higbee proved to be correct. Percival came upon Higbee in the meditative enjoyment of his after-dinner cigar, out "I s'pose you're on," he began; "the girl's engaged to that Frenchy." "I congratulate him," said Percival, heartily.

The surmise regarding the Baron De Pal-

"A real baron," continued Higbee, "I looked him up and made sure of that; title's good as wheat. God knows that never would a' got me, but the madam was set on it and the girl too, and I had to give in. It seemed to be a question of him or some actor. The madam said I'd had my way about Hank, puttin' his poor stubby nose to the grindstone out there in Chicago, and make in' a plain insignificant business man out of him, and I'd ought to let her have her way with the girl being that I couldn't expect her to go to work too. So Mil will work the society end. I says to the madam, I says 'All right, have your own way; and we'll see whether you make more out of the girl than I make out of the boy,' I says. But it ain't going to be all digging up. I've made the baron promise to go into business with me, and though I ain't told him yet, I'm going to put out a line of Higbee's thin-sliced ham and bacon in glass jars with his crest on 'em fer the French trade. This baron'll cost me more'n that sign I showed you coming out of the old town, and he won't give any such returns, but the crest on jars, printed in three colors and gold, wil be a bully ad; and it kept the women quiet, he concluded apologetically.

"The baron's a good fellow," said Perci-"Sure," replied Higbee, "They're all good fellows. Hank had the makin's of a good fellow in him. And say, young man, that reminds me; I hear all kinds of reports about your getting to be one yourself. Now I knew your father, Daniel J. Bines, and I liked him, and I like you; and I hope you won't get huffy, but from what they tell me you ain't doing yourself a bit of good." "Don't believe all you hear," laughed

Percival. "Well, I'll tell you one thing plain, if you was my son, you'd fade right back to the packing house along with Henry-boy. It's a pity you ain't got some one to shut down on you that way. They tell me you got you father's capacity for carrying liquor, and hear you're known from one end of Broadway to the other as easiest mark that ever came They say you couldn't walk in your sleep without spending money. Now, excuse my plain speaking, are two reputations that are mighty hard to live up to beyond a certain limit. They've put lots of good weight-carriers off the track before they was due to go. I hear you got pinched in that wheat deal of Burman's?" "Oh, only for a few hundred thousand The reports of our losses were exaggerated

And we stood to win over-" "Yes-you stood to win, and then you went 'way back and set down,' as the saying is. But it ain't money, You've got too much of that, anyway, Lord knows. It's this everlasting hullabaloo and the drink that goes with it, and the general trifling sort of a dub it makes out of a young fellow. It's a pity you ain't my son; that's all I got to say. I want to see you again along in September after I get back from San Francisco; I'm going to try to get you interested in some business. That'd be a "You're kind, Mr. Higbee, and really I appreciate all you say; but you'll see me settle down pretty soon, quick as I get my bear-ings, and be a credit to the State of Mon-

"I say," said Mauburn, coming up, "de you see that angel of the flaming hair with that young Milbrey chap?" The two men gazed where he was indicat-"By Jove! she is a stunner, isn't she?"

tana."

exclaimed Percival. "Might be one of Shepler's party," gested Higbee. "He has the Milbrey family out with him, and I see they landed awhile ago. You can bet that party's got more than her good looks, if the Milbreys are taking any interest in her. Well, I've got to take the madam and the young folks over to the Casino. So long!" Fred Milbrey came up. "Hello, you fellows!"

"Who is she?" asked the two in faultless chorus. "We're going over to hear the music awhile. Come along and I'll present you."
"Rot the luck!" said Mauburn; "I'm slated to take Mrs. Drelmer and Miss Bines to a musicale at the Van Lorrecks, where I'm certain to fall asleep trying to look as if I quite liked it, you know."
"You come," Milbrey urged Percival. "My sister's there and the governor and moth-

But for the moment Percival was reflecting, going over in his mind the recent homily of Higbee. Higbee's opinion of the Milbreys also came back to him. "Sorry, old man, but I've a headache, s you must excuse me for to-night. But I'll

"Isn't she a stunner!" exclaimed Mau-

"She is a peach!" replied Percival, in tones of deliberate and intense conviction,

and Psyche, who soon came for him, Percival still sat revolving the paternal warnings of Higbee. He considered them seriously. He decided he ought to think more about what he was doing and what he should do. He decided, too, that he could think better with something mechanical to occupy his hands. He took a cab and was driven to the local branch of his favorite temple of chance. His host welcomed him at the door.

"Ah. Mr. Bines, a little recreation, eh? Your favorite dealer, Dutson, is here tonight, if you prefer bank." Passing through the crowded, brightlywhere his host promptly secured a seat for him, he played meditatively until 1 o'clock; adding materially to his host's reasons for believing he had done wisely to follow his